



Keystone 2003

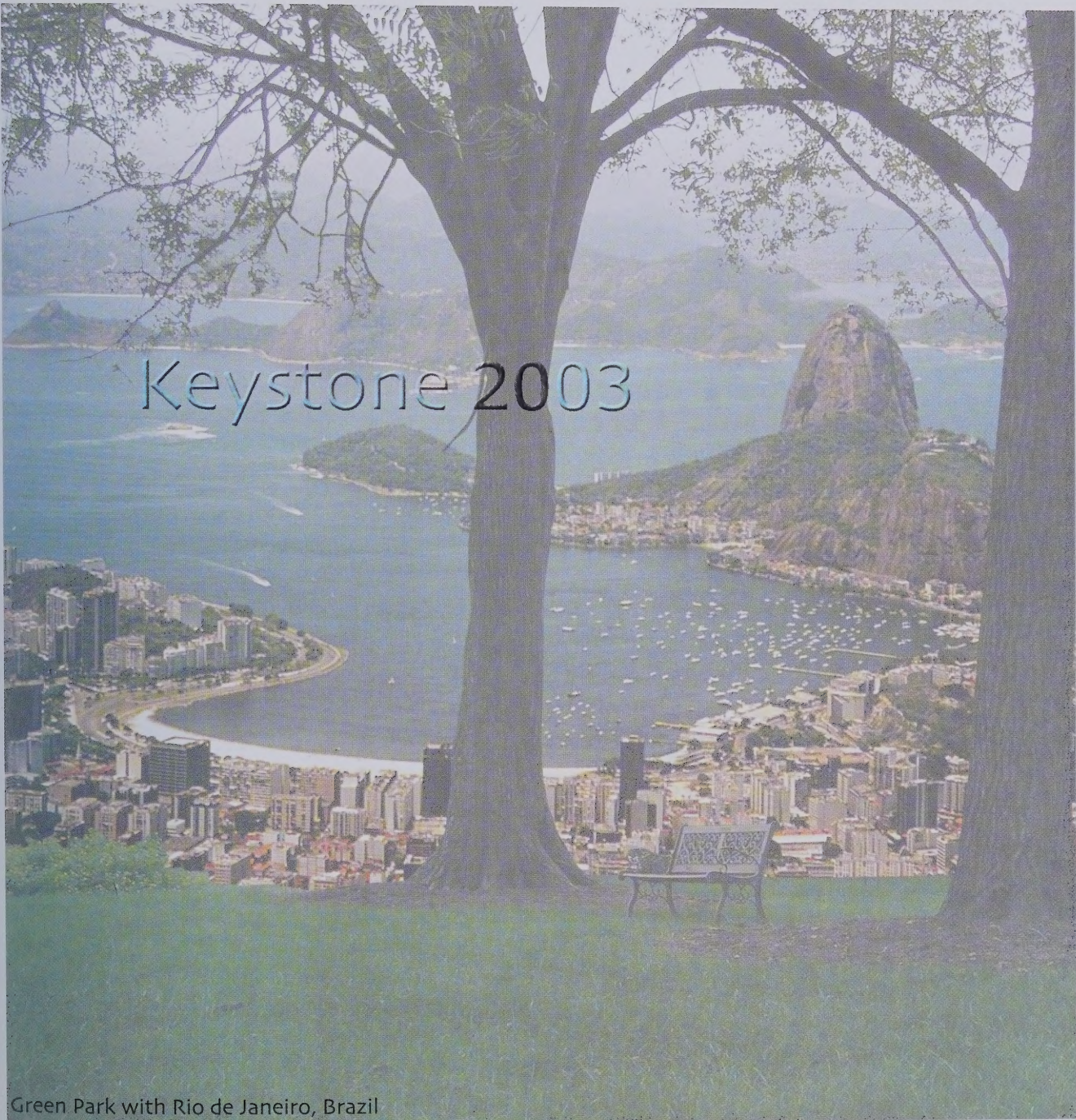




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# Keystone 2003

Green Park with Rio de Janeiro, Brazil



The most amazing thing about the word diversity is how often it is used without really understanding the meaning. We hear the textbook definition of diversity to explain federal funding and census information; it is touted by zealots to fuel passions about race and equality, it has been hammered into our collective psyche by tireless media outlets and tiresome network sitcoms. But often the result is just the opposite: we are so immersed in the literal version of how our world is supposed to be that not only are the trees invisible, the forest isn't so clear, either.

It seemed to us then that diversity would be a fine theme for our magazine. What better way to actually point out once and for all how truly diverse we really are. The statistics were there to support us; CPCC has students from approximately 160 countries, and all of the requisite languages that accompany them. How easy it would be, then, how delightful it would be to point to our finished product and proclaim, "Here! Here is what diversity is!" We have collected lush prose and verdant

poetry, we have sampled from the finest art our wonderfully diverse campus has to offer, and the result is an exhibit of expression that will not just elevate your soul: it will make you think.

But as the finished product began forming, something unpredictable began taking place, as it always does. Something wonderful.

We were wrong.

Diversity is not something you can plan. It is not a thing to capture and compute and put on a page and say this is what it is. By doing that, the forest becomes fuzzy again, and we are left once again with statistics and punchlines and little accomplished.

The magazine became diverse on its own. Like all successful communities, it integrates itself naturally and celebrates it's beauty and diversity by expressing itself simply and distinctly. Each page stands out on its own, but it is the community that supports it and allows it to shine. And that is the truth of diversity that cannot be planned and measured in any way that will satisfy. It can only be seen and heard, and ultimately loved.

Don't let the professionals fool you. Diversity is us.

Diversity is you.







"It's all a big game of construction, some with a brush,  
some with a shovel, some choose a pen."  
Jackson Pollock



# Our Thanks to...

Amanda Capobianchi

For letting the Keystone staff use  
her professional photo skills.

Mary Kilburn

For lending slide equipment.  
Hope you liked all that chocolate.

Nancy Roberts

For putting up with the Keystone  
staff begging to be let into  
Jennifer's office.

James Spence

For photographing slides at  
last minute.

Carolyn Whitman

For letting the Keystone  
staff use her computer  
equipment.



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3rd "Message in a  
bottle"  
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**TUTORING**  
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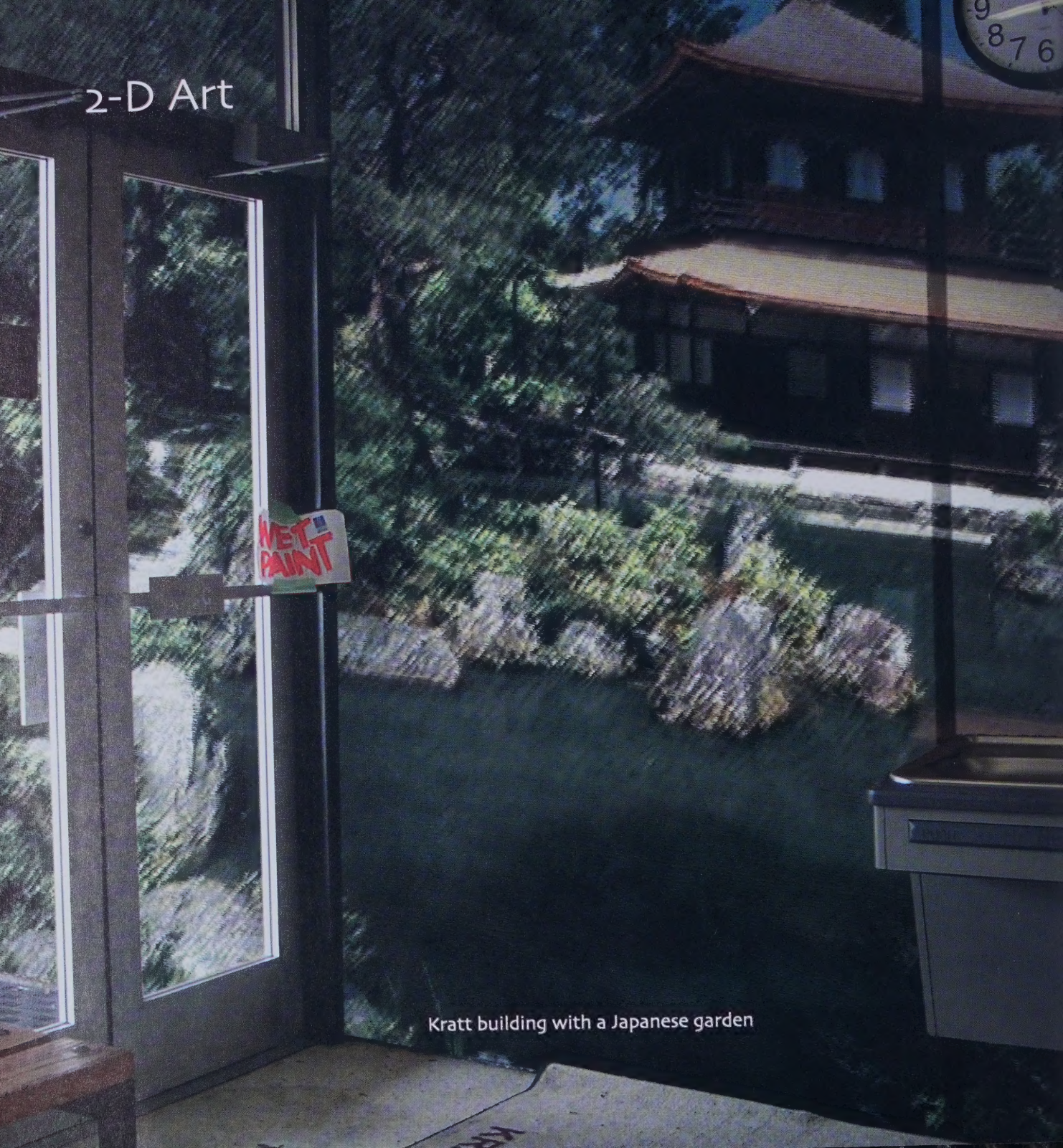
HM "Something old,  
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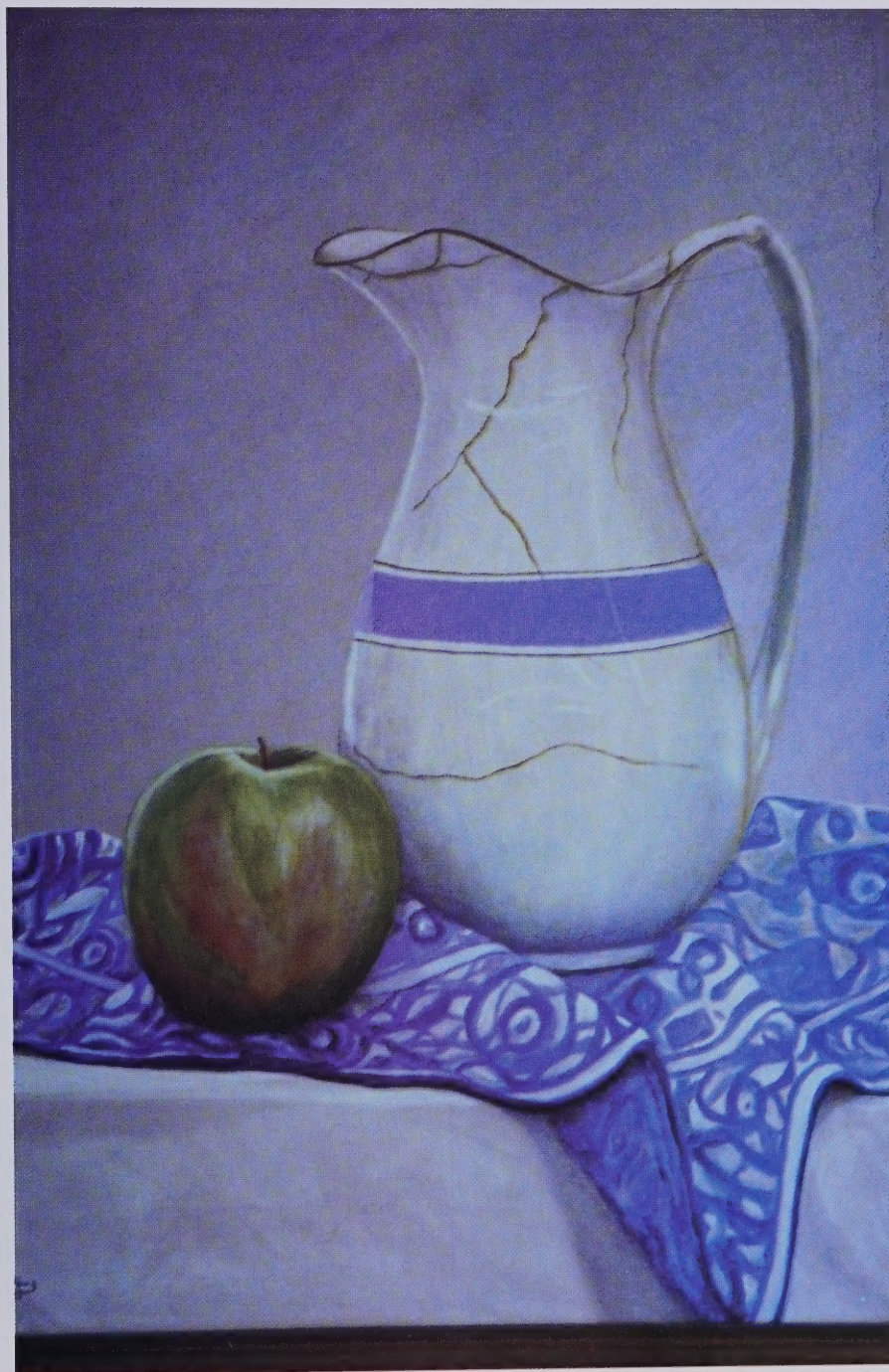


2-D Art



Kratt building with a Japanese garden





Honorable Mention  
Terry McMicking  
"Something old,  
something new"  
Medium: Oil Paint  
22" x 28"



2-D Art

3rd place

Doreen Garrison

"Sundown"

Medium: Oil Paint

24" x 30"







2nd place  
Leslie Harris  
"Rachael with hands up"  
Medium: Pencil  
10" x 14"







MANVIEW STATE HOSPITAL - WALL F

© 1982





1st place  
Spencer Horne  
"Mayview State Hospital"  
Medium: Watercolor  
11" x 14"



# Poetry



Giles and Kratt building with Greek temple



Honorable Mention  
"No Comfort"

by Ashley Symonds

He said to me, "don't cry"  
But I told him, "I am always crying"  
My tears live in my skin  
They are in my breath  
Do not tell me not to cry  
It is in my character  
It is in the role I play  
The tears are my props  
And they carry me  
Carry me through whatever sorrows I may have  
Until my curtain call  
Take a bow, drop the red, and put my pain away.



3rd place

"More Than What You See"

by Kariston McPherson

Baggy jeans

Timberlands

Think I got a gun in my hand

But that's not my plan

There's more to me than what you see.

Cornrows, kinks

Afros

You're not used to it

So you turn up your nose

Too bad you can't get past these thick  
lips to hear what I'm sayin'

Too bad you can't see past these naps to  
visualize my thoughts.

There's more to me than what you see.

Ghetto project, latchkey child

In the concrete jungle runnin' wild

Grow up one day tellin' YOUR child

What to do?

Healing YOUR family?

Teaching YOUR grandkids?

Blows your mind, doesn't it?

Just because you don't understand my  
slang

Doesn't mean I can't flip the script and  
speak

Proper...ly

There's more to me than what you see.



2nd place  
(Untitled)

by Ben Church

The dead leaves  
Do not crunch  
Underneath  
My feet.

The rotting branches turn  
Their backs  
On me  
As I walk forward.

The roaring stream  
Hushes.  
The hissing snake  
Stops.  
The coyote, the wolf  
Are silent.

I hear nothing  
But my breath.  
My own breath.

I am sure  
There are many sounds  
Others hear.

They hear  
Crunching  
Snapping  
Roaring  
Hissing  
Howling  
They do not hear  
My breath.  
They do not  
Hear my breath.  
Hear my breath.

My life.



1st place  
"The Truth"

by Ashley Symonds

Do you live in blueness?  
Breathing it,  
Letting it weep out of your eyes at night when it's dark?  
The blue in you  
Reflected by the blue-black of the night.  
Living in blue,  
The only way you can tell when it's night or day  
Is whether you let that blueness shine through.  
Because true deep blue is nocturnal,  
Unalive in the sunlight  
Of naked day.







# 3-D Art



Library with Rushmore mountain, North Dakota





3rd place  
Elizabeth Vaughn  
"Forged 'S' hook choker"  
Material: Silver  
15" length





2nd place  
Lester Morris  
"Norsk"  
Material: Stoneware  
14 cm height x 8 cm width



1st place  
Colleen Dreyer  
"Starburst"  
Material: Silver, copper  
2"





# Photography



Art building with Alinari beach, Italy



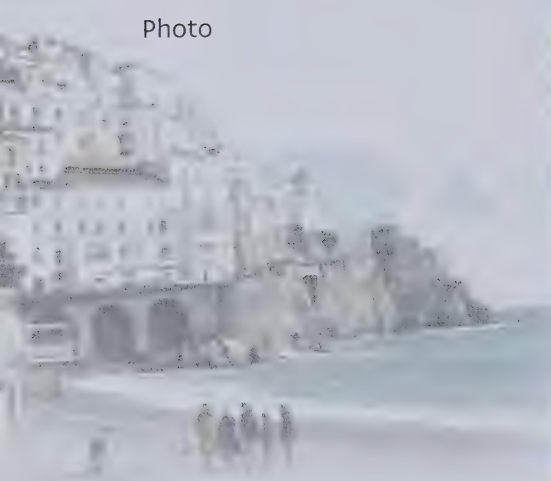
3rd place  
Herman 'Trey' Nicholson  
"Midland"  
Medium: Black and White photo  
11" x 11"

Photo





Photo



2nd place  
Jennifer Barbin  
"Brooklyn Bridge"  
Medium: Silver gelatin print  
16" x 20"





Photo



1st place  
Herman 'Trey' Nicholson  
"Stanly County"  
Medium: Black & White photo  
11" x 11"

Prose



Parking place with Serengeti, Africa



# Caedmon

Prose

by Kelly Bradley

The Cowherds sat around the fire in the dark night, watching the blaze and waiting. Their faces were red and full from feasting, from the fire, from the freedom of the holiday. The Whitsunday feast was over, but the revels would linger on into the night.

Caedmon sat alone to the side with his back against an enormous tree. He was an old man, weathered by years of herding animals. His face was lined with deep wrinkles like ancient sacred carvings. Seventy years hung on him like wet burlap. He looked down at his large leathery hands with watery blue eyes that had not changed since he was a boy.

Caedmon never fit easily among the other cowherds. He was no different physically. In appearance he resembled the other old herders, and the younger ones would grow into his likeness. Nevertheless, something internal marked him separate, distinct, but not extraordinary. Some strangeness of the soul kept him from easy peasant camaraderie.

He felt it himself, knew he was different. His nights were plagued by strange dreams. He wrestled with these dreams, tried to push them away from him, but

they were strong and persisted. Every morning he would place his fears underneath the details of his practiced cowherd's life. Sometimes, around midday, as he took off his hat to wipe the sweat from his brow, he would realize he hadn't thought of the dreams all morning and they seemed to him a distant memory or a story he'd heard from someone else. For a moment he didn't feel as though a ghost was staring over his shoulder, and he would indulge in the fantasy that he was just a normal cowherd, like any of the others. But the fear would always return, and the estrangement, like rain clouds that blot out the April sun.

Caedmon watched now as a young cowherd pulled a small harp from a battered sack. A knot formed in his stomach, rose to his throat, and settled into a band of venom around his will. He foresaw the terror of the next few hours: the harp floating ever closer to him as it passed through the rough hands of the men; the envy that erupted inside as he watched each simple man play and laugh with unfettered ease. He loosed himself from his seat, turning his back to the fire and the laughter of men. He headed back to the cowshed across the open field.

Caedmon arranged a meager handful of straw under his head. Through the barn door he saw the stars, persistent in the

black sky. He saw his life in one of those pinpoints, tiny, immobile, surrounded by darkness.

It had been easier when he was married. His mind could focus on caring for his wife and preparing for a family. But she had died giving birth to their first child, a boy, Herbert. Caedmon gave the boy to Whitby to be raised by the monks. It was then that he began working as a cowherd for the monastery, and he watched the boy grow.

Herbert became a man, a fine monk, one of Abbess Hilda's favorites. Caedmon never spoke to Herbert, but knew his movements. Herbert was drawn to nature, and liked to pray alone by the river that ran through the forest. Once, as Caedmon watched, Herbert lay on his stomach putting his head as close to the water as he could without touching it. He closed his eyes as he turned an ear to the gentle flow. A smile swept his ever-boyish face as though the water was whispering sweet divine secrets to him in a wild river language.

In Caedmon's dreams, he was born again a baby and Herbert was his father.

The bull that killed Herbert last year had gotten loose sometime that morning and returned at dusk with bloody unrepentant horns. Caedmon observed at a distance as they pulled Herbert from his friend river,



where the bull had thrown him. River weeds clung to his head like a crown. As they carried his body, the monks saw the wounds in his side where the horns had pierced him.

Only Hilda knew that Herbert was Caedmon's son. She brought him Herbert's journals, which he could not read. They sat for months by his bed, infecting his already haunted sleep. The words would float from the pages in a dancing line, lace around his head and arms, binding him and chafing like rough cord. Eventually he placed the journals in a sack, took them to the river, and gave them back to Herbert. He could not bear their weight.

The night wind shifted its course and surged ahead. The barn door blew shut, obscuring Caedmon's view. He felt sleep approaching and dread began to fill his throat



like a sickness. He thought about his life, his lack, the terrible nights of slow, subtle torment. The seed of hope that had grown into a tree while Herbert lived had been hacked in two with his death. He suddenly saw with clarity that his life was useless. Something before had protected him from this knowledge, but now it rained down on him unmercifully. He began to weep, the weak tears of a helpless child. Caedmon knew that he would weep forever, that there was nothing else to do.

"Caedmon," a voice said. Someone stood by his harsh bed. A harp was in his hand and he gave it to Caedmon.

"Sing me something," he said. He spoke the river language, and Caedmon understood.

"I can't sing. That's why I left the feast," he replied. Even more tears were wrung from him now. He lay naked in a bright light, his insufficiency exposed.

"All the same," said the waterfall voice of the one standing, "you have to sing for me. Sing about the Creation."

Caedmon opened his mouth and sang in the river language. He sang what he did not know but the singing gave him understanding. Each word that emerged became a jewel and the jewels dropped like ripe fruit into a pile at his feet.

"I release you, Caedmon," the voice said. "I leave you these jewels and also my

breath."

He took Caedmon's face between his hands, blew into his mouth and was gone.

The next day, Caedmon sang his song before Hilda and her best scholars. They praised God for this gift that surely came from Heaven. Hilda was greatly moved by the transformation. She urged Caedmon to give up his secular life and take the vows of the monastery. He obeyed, and began to learn the mysteries of God from his brethren. He took what he learned and converted it to poetry. As he sang, the unlearned gained understanding and those who had taught him felt that they were hearing these old stories for the first time.

From then on, Caedmon dreamed only of water. All night he floated in womb-like warmth. The water was suffused with light, as though he was swimming from great dark depths toward a brilliant surface.



Digital Art

Van Every building with Paine Towers, Chile





3rd place  
Spencer Horne  
"Message in a bottle"  
8" x 21"





2nd place  
Emilie Schweiger  
"Butterflies"  
5" x 11"



1st place  
Spencer Horne  
"No man's land"  
11" x 14"



# Judges



Belk building with Roman Colliseum



## Poetry Jurors:

Elizabeth Gargano teaches English at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. She holds an MFA in poetry from The University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Her poetry and fiction have appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Poem*, *The Long Story*, and *Iris*, among other journals.

Peter Blair teaches at UNCC and his newest book of poems is "The Divine Salt," published in 2003 by Autumn House Press.

## Art Jurors:

Paul Hastings offers a unique perspective having spent 25 years in sales, marketing and product design in the housewares and home furnishings industry. Upon retiring from the corporate world, he was able to pursue his life long ambition of becoming a graphic designer and artist. His extensive product knowledge and marketing skill can now be applied towards art evaluation and production. Paul is currently enrolled in the CPCC Art department and studies oil painting with the renowned painter Andrew Braitman.

Carrie Snyder is a very talented illustration artist. She works as a freelance artist. She also helps at "Creatrix", designing and producing sets and props for important events. Carrie holds a B.A. degree in Illustration from UNCC.

Sloan Snyder holds a B.A. in painting from Savannah School of Art and Design. He recently started his own faux finishing business, "Elite Facades". Sloan also enjoys taking his dog, Apex to the park.

Kristan Chun is a currently enrolled CPCC student who studies the flute, ceramics, and business. She has studied music since childhood and enjoys creating pottery and sculpture in the ceramics studio on the Central campus.



Statue from CPCC, with a beach landscape-  
Picture by Amanda Capobianchi



# Staff

Ana Luisa Victoria Varas Alvarez

Design Editor

Born in Santiago, Chile, Ana grew up in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. All those landscapes made her interested in graphics, so she has studied advertising and web page design. In the journey of meeting new landscapes, North Carolina answered the call. And thanks to Keystone, instead of studying IT, she was taking pictures around the campus.

Katrina Paige Swartout

Art Editor

A Charlotte native, Katrina is currently enrolled at both CPCC and UNCC. She is pursuing a BA degree in studio arts with teacher licensure. Although she would love to graduate soon and go straight to work as an art teacher, Katrina has decided to begin a brief two year career as a rodeo clown touring through the wonderful country of Canada. After those two life-enriching years, she hopes to share her fanatical Canadian stories with her lovely elementary school children. Eh.

Kenneth James

Literary Editor

When he's not writing bios, Mr. James lives in Charlotte and is often happily married to his wife, which is generally considered a good thing for all involved. He is also widely accredited for not having written several of the great modern classics, including *The Corrections* by Jonathan Franzen and *Fourth of July* by Tim O'Brien, both of which were wonderful.

Jennifer Bonacci

Advisor

A Charlotte native, Jennifer is buying a house and moving to Concord. Although this will make her commute to CPCC longer, it seemed worth it in order to stop being called a "Charlatan." When she is not performing her professional duties, she is a tireless advocate for new legislation to put an extra "C" in CPCCC. She is also getting married in June and is excited to change her name to something much easier to spell and pronounce.





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Keystone was produced on a Mac, using  
Adobe Photoshop and PageMaker.  
The font is Skia.  
Cover stock is 120# Gloss Cover and the  
inside stock is 100# Gloss Text.



2004 submissions for Keystone will be accepted in the Spring of 2004. You must have been a registered CPCC student during one of the following semesters in order to be eligible: Summer 2003 through Spring 2004. Full time, part-time, or adjunct staffs of CPCC are not eligible for entry. All students are eligible for entry. All work must have been completed since first enrollment at CPCC. All work must be previously unpublished; writers and artists retain the rights to their work. For more information, call the Student Publications Advisor at 704.330.6743.

All rights are returned herein to the writers and artists. The writers and artists retain all rights to their work. No reproduction of any kind can be made without the permission of the original writer or artist. Some pieces have been edited for publication. Literary changes were based on the approval of the author. Keystone is not responsible for any technical, mechanical or grammatical errors. Entries are juried anonymously by judges inside and outside the CPCC community.







"My garden is my most beautiful masterpiece."  
Claude Monet









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